How now *Richard*, who is this?
Rich. Brother, this is sir *Iohn Mountgommery*,
A trustie friend vnlesse *I* be deceiude.
Edw. Welcome sir Iohn. Wherfore come you in armes?
Sir Iohn. To helpe king *Edward* in this time of stormes,
As euerie loyall subiect ought to doe.
Edw. Thankes braue *Mountgommery*,
But I onlie claime my Dukedom,
Vntil it please God to send the rest.
Sir Iohn. Then fare you wel: Drum strike vp and let vs
March away, I came to serue a king and not a Duke,
Edw. Nay staie sir Iohn, and let vs first debate,
With what security we maie doe this thing.
Sir Iohn. What stand you on debating, to be briefe,
Except you presently proclaime your selfe our king,
Ile hence againe, and keepe them backe that come to
Succour you, why should we fight when
You pretend no title?
Rich. Fie brother, fie, stand you vpon tearmes?
Resolue your selfe, and let vs claime the crowne.
Edw. *I* am resolude once more to claime the crowne,
And win it too, or else to loose my life.
Sir Iohn. I now my soueraigne speaketh like himselfe,
And now will I be *Edwards* Champion,
Sound Trumpets, for *Edward* shall be proclaimd.
Edward the fourth by the grace of God, king of England
and *F*rance, and Lord of Ireland, and whosoeuer gain-
saies king *Edwards* right: by this *I* challenge him to
single fight, long liue *Edward* the fourth.
All. Long liue *Edward* the fourth.
Edw. We thanke you all. Lord Maire leade on the waie.

For this night weele harbour here in *Yorke*,
And then as earlie as the morning sunne,
Lifts vp his beames aboue this horison
Weele march to London, to meete with *VVarwike*:
And pull false *Henry* from the Regall throne.
Exeunt Omnes.

Enter *VVarwike* and *Clarence*, with the Crowne, and
then king *Henry*, and *Oxford*, and *Summerset*,
and the yong Earle of *Richmond*.

King. Thus from the prison to this princelie seat,
By Gods great mercies am *I* brought
Againe, *Clarence* and *VVarwike* doe you
Keepe the crowne, and gouerne and protect
My realme in peace, and I will spend the
Remnant of my daies, to sinnes rebuke
And my Creators praise.
VVar. What answeres *Clarence* to his soueraignes will?
Cla. *Clarence* agrees to what king *Henry* likes.
King. My Lord of *Summerset*, what prettie
Boie is that you seeme to be so carefull of?
Sum. And it please your grace, it is yong *Henry*,
Earle of *Richmond*.
King. *Henry* of *Richmond*, Come hither pretie Ladde.
If heauenlie powers doe aime aright
To my diuining thoughts, thou prettie boy,
Shalt proue this Countries blisse,
Thy head is made to weare a princelie crowne,
Thy lookes are all repleat with Maiestie,
Make much of him my Lords,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry VI. Part 3* (STC 21006) LONDON, 1595 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G f.1) Octavo